

Musings of a UNSC Coward

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Summary: The thoughts of a cowardly soldier as they come to terms with what has happened in the history of the Halo universe. Very short and doesn't mention anything by name. Best if read while listening to In the house, in a heart beat from 28 Days/Weeks Later to get the skin crawling feel. Enjoy.

Musings of a UNSC Coward

So many things have gone wrong. So much has happened since the start. So many deaths. So much destruction. And just as we thought it was over, just when we thought all would be well, more death. More destruction. More hate.

When this war started we should have known what we were in for.

We were the only creatures in the universe... Or so we thought.

Had the Jackals not interfered with our cargo at the start, all would be well.

Had we not tried to make peace with creatures we did not understand, all would be well.

Had we not destroyed the lives of children...

We would all be dead now. We would all be ash and glass.

Nothing to live or die for. No reason to kill. Nothing.

Maybe... Maybe we are the real monsters. Maybe this is the reason _He _hates us so.

Maybe if we would have kept to ourselves and never left the borders of our own system we would have died long before now. We would never have found our true limits. We would never have made allies with another race. We would never have found the origins of our race.

We never would have lived.

End
file.